THE LONDON SPY.

For the *Month* of *September*, 1699.

PART XI.

By the Author of the Trip to *JAMAICA.*

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard* in *Fanchurch-ſtreet*, 1699.

Books Sold by J. How, *in the* Ram-Head-Inn-Yard *in* Fanchurch-Street; J. Weld, *at the* Crown *between the Temple-Gates in* Fleet-ſtreet; *and* M. Fabian, *at* Mercers-Chappel *in* Cheap-ſide.

1. SOt's Paradiſe: Or the Humours of a Derby-Ale-Houſe: With a Satyr upon the Ale. Price Six Pence.

2. A Trip to *Jamaica*: With a True Character of the People and Iſland. Price Six Pence.

3. *Eccleſia & Factio.* A Dialogue between *Bow-Steeple-Dragon*, and the *Exchange-Graſhopper.* Price Six Pence.

4. The Poet's Ramble after Riches. With Reflections upon a Country Corporation. Alſo the Author's Lamentation in the time of Adverſity. Price Six Pence.

5. The London Spy, the Firſt, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Parts. To be Continued *Monthly.* Price Six Pence Each.

6. A Trip to *New-England.* With a Character of the Country and People, both Engliſh and Indians. Price Six Pence.

7. Modern Religion and Ancient Loyalty: A Dialogue. Price Six Pence.

8. The World Bewitch'd. A Dialogue between Two Aſtrologers and the Author. With Infallible Predictions of what will happen in this Preſent Year, 1699. From the *Vices* and *Villanies* Practis'd in *Court*, *City* and *Country.* Price Six Pence.

9. A Walk to *Iſlington:* With a Deſcription of New *Tunbridge*-VVells, and *Sadler's* Muſick-Houſe. Price Six Pence.

10. The Humours of a Coffee-Houſe: A Comedy. Price Six Pence.

11 O. Raree-Show, O Pretty-Show; Or, the City Feaſt. Price One Penny.

All Written by the ſame Author.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE LONDON SPY.

BEING quite Surfeited with his Greaſineſs's Cleanlineſs, our *Jewiſh* Stomachs began to be as much avers'd to *Bartholomew-Fair*-Swines-Fleſh, as a Court Lady is to Onion-Sawce, or a Young Libertine to Matrimony. That the ſight of a Pig was as hateful to me for the Fortnight, as an *Eaſter*-Gammon-of-Bacon to a *Scotch* Pedlar, or *Chriſtmas*-Porridge to an *Engliſh* Puritan. The Eagerneſs of our Appetites, being thus aſſwag'd without the expence of Eating, we fac'd about to the Wooden *Sodom*, and ſuffer'd our ſelves to be carry'd back by an Inundation of Mobility, into the Body of the Fair: Where, in Compaſſion to one of the Female gender, who was labouring in the Crowd, like a Fly in a Cob-web, I laid my hands upon my Friends Shoulders, and by keeping her between my Arms, defended her from the rude Squeezes and Joſtles of the Careleſs Multitude: In which Interim, ſhe, to give me a remarkable Inſtance of her Gratitude, put her hand behind her and pick'd my Pocket of a good Handerchief, in return of my Civility. Who when ſhe had done her buſineſs, Shuffl'd into the Crowd; and the next minute after, I diſcover'd my Loſs; which as it was but ſmall, begot but a Concern Proportionable. I could not without ſome ſhame, acquaint my Friend of the matter, expecting he would laugh at me for my over-care of my Lady, and careleſſneſs of my Self: Who accordingly ridicul'd my ſmall miſfortune; and told me, Smiling, You muſt be as careful of Women in *Bartholomew-Fair*, as Countrey People are of Stags in Rutting-Time; for their accuſtomary ways of rewarding Kindneſſes, are either to take ſomething from you you'd unwillingly part with, or give you, on the contrary, that which you would be glad to get rid of.

Having heard much of a Comedians Fame, who had Manfully run the hazard of Loſing that Reputation in the *Fair*, which he had got in the *Play-houſe*; and having never ſeen him in his proper Element, we thought the time might not be very ill ſpent if we took a ſight of another *Beſt Show* in the *Fair*, for ſo they all ſtile themſelves, that we might

might judge of his Performances. The Number of Kings, Queens, Heroes, Harlots, Buffoons, Mimicks, Prieſts, Profligates and Devils in the Ballcony, occaſion'd us to believe, with the Crowd, that there were no leſs Varieties to be ſeen within, than there were Signs of without; for indeed we might Reaſonably have thought, from their Numerous Appearance, that when they were all in the Booth, there would be but room for a Slender Audience. To help make up which, we put our Fools Pence into his Worſhips Pocket-Apron, with which Title the Mob honour'd the Maſter of the Booth, becauſe (as they ſaid) he had been a Juſtice of the Peace; and then enter'd the Pit, where ſeveral of the Top Quality of the Tickle-Tail Function ſat Cracking of Nuts, like ſo many Squirrils; and looking round 'em for Admirers, that they might Kindle ſuch Flames in ſome Amorous Spectator with their ſtudied Looks and Ogles, that nothing ſhould be able to quench but the Luſhious Embraces of that Sweet Lady that had rais'd his Concupiſence. Their prevailing Glances, I obſerv'd, ſoon took effect upon ſome Juvenal Gentlemen, whoſe Youthful Opinions of the Pleaſures to be found in Love and Beauty, had render'd them, like Gunpowder, liable to be inflam'd with every ſparkling Eye, as the other is to be blown up by the Caſual touch of any Fire it ſhall meet with. The Baskets of Plumbs, Wallnuts, Pears, and Peaches, began now to be handed about from the *City-Bubble* to the *Suburbs-Jilt*; and Tittle-Tattles of Love were Bandied forwards and backwards, between the Tongues and Ears of thoſe Amorous Frontiers of the Impatient Audience, who were forc'd to pacify themſelves under their Longing Expectancies with Nuts and Damſons: Now and then brreaking out into *Bear-garden* Acclamations of *Show, ſhow, ſhow, ſhow*; till at laſt, in anſwer to their loud-mouth'd Importunities, the Curtain was drawn up, and a Trunk-Breeches-King, in a Fools Cap, and a Feather in it, attended with his Cringing Nobility, ſome Court Jilts, and Two or Three Flattering Prieſts, which I ſuppoſe the Poet Thought to be as true a Repreſentation of an Old *Engliſh* Court, as poſſibly he could think on. After theſe had entertain'd the liſtening Audience alittle with their Fuſtian Confabulations, they made their *Exeunt*, and the Scenes were ſhifted into a Library, where Fryar *Bacon*, by his Long Study, had Projected a Brazen-head, who was to Wall the Kingdom round with the ſame Mettle, had not the Devil catch'd him Napping, and broke his moſt wonderful Noddle into many Pieces.

The Prieſt grown Drowſie with much Reading, rub'd his Eyes, aroſe from his Elbow-Chair, and in my Opinion, ſeem'd, both by his Looks and Actions, much too Ignorant, as well as too Young, for ſuch a Notable Undertaking. When he had Rav'd and Strutted about alittle with his *Magicians* Wand, like a *Hero* with his Truncheon in a Fit of Jealouſie, he began, like a true Prieſt, to make large Promiſes to the People, of wonderful things which he very well knew would never come to paſs: And after he had made a ſhort Oration in praiſe of his *Brazen-head*, the Scene chang'd, and ſhut him up in his Study to Conſult the Devil alittle further, how to bring his admirable Project to a Reputable Concluſion.

Then Enter'd the *Miller* and his Son *Ralph*. The Father I confeſs ſeem'd to be the ſame thing he imitated; and had a Countenance, ſo very

Pertinent

pertinent to his Profeſſion, that he look'd as if (according to the Millers Maxime) his Conſcience could diſpence with taking five Pecks out of a Buſhel. And as for his hopeful Progeny, who was the only Perſon we were deſirous of ſeeing, I think he kept up to ſo true a behaviour of an *Ideot*, that it was enough to perſwade the Audience, that he really was in Nature what he only Artfully repreſented. I could not but conclude, the Part was particularly adapted to his Genius, or he could never have expreſs'd the Humour with ſuch agreeable ſimplicitie: But I fancy if he was to play the part of a *Wiſe man*, it would be quite out of his way, and puzzle him as much as it would a *Common-Whore* to behave herſelf in Company like a *Vertuous Woman*. There was nothing in the Part it ſelf, but what was purely owing to his own geſture; for it was the *Comedian* only, and not the *Poet*, that render'd the Character diverting. To be plain, they both Acted and Became their Characters extreamly well; for I cannot but acknowledge, that I never ſaw any Body look more like a *Fool* than the *Son*, nor any Miller more like a *Cozening Knave* than the Father.

The next part of the *Droll*, that was chiefly diverting, was the *Country-Juſtice*, whoſe Weakneſs and Indiſcretion I ſuppoſe were deſign'd to let the People know what ignorant Magiſtrates have ſometimes the adminiſtration of Juſtice; and how common a thing it is for a Wiſe-man to Bow a Learned Head to an Empty Noddle in Authority. Theſe were the chief of their Characters Jumbled confuſedly together; with a Flying Shoulder of Mutton, dancing and ſinging Devils, and ſuch like pieces of conjuration, by the Diabolical Friar *Bacon*. With whoſe Magical Pranks the *Mob* were wonderfuly pleas'd, as well as greatly aſtoniſh'd. Having thus entertain'd us for about three Quarters of an hour, at laſt with a moſt ſplendid Appearance of all their Lords and Ladies, they concluded their *Droll*. From amongſt which glittering Aſſembly, one of the beſt-mouth'd Orators ſteps to the front of the Stage, and with a Cringing piece of formality, promiſes the Audience to begin again in half an hour, as if they believ'd the people to be ſuch Fools to fling away their Money ſo unprofitably Twice in one day, when the ſeeing of them once is enough to tire any man of reaſonable patience.

The Show being thus ended, my Friend ask'd me how I lik'd it? Truly, ſaid I, I think 'tis a very Moral Play, if the Spectators have ſenſe enough to make a right uſe of it. At which ſaying, my Friend burſt into a Laughter. Prithee, ſays he, wherein lies the Morality of it? Why ſaid I, it will ſerve to let us know how familiar a Prieſt, notwithſtanding his Holy Orders, may be with the Devil. How eaſily the Clergy may impoſe upon the Vulgar a belief of thoſe things which never were nor can be. What a Blockhead may be a Juſtice of Peace; how a Rich cunning Knave may have a Fool to his Son: How Old men love Young Bedfellowes; how a Woman will cheat her Father to oblige her Gallant; what Stratagems Lovers will Project to Accompliſh their Ends; and what *Jack*-Puddings men will make of themſelves to get a little Money. On my Word, ſays he, you have made a rare uſe of it indeed. But I very much Queſtion whether any Body elſe will be half ſo much

the better for it; for it may be obſerv'd that *Bartholomew-Fair*-Drolls are like *State-Fireworks*, they never do any Body good, but thoſe who are concern'd in the Show.

From thence with much difficulty, we croſs'd over to the *Hoſpital-Gate*, being Jumbled about in the Crow'd like a couple of *Tories* at a *Whiggiſh* Election; over againſt which ſtood a very Comical Figure Gaping and Drumming, that his Beard wag'd up and down like an Aldermans Chin at a Lord Mayors Feaſt, when Chewing of a Gooſes Apron; and his Eyes rowld about like a Stallions at a Chriſtening, when he ſtands Godfather. Which occaſion'd ſome of the Ignorant Spectators, that ſtood crowding beneath, to cry out, *Lord, do but ſee how he ſtares at us, and Gnaſhes his Teeth as if he could eat us for looking at him.* On each ſide of him ſtood a Wax Baby, which look'd very Natural, inſomuch that it induced us to walk in and take a ſight of their whole Work; being much aſtoniſh'd at our firſt entrance of the Room, at the Livelineſs of the Figures, who ſat in ſuch eaſie Poſtures, and their Hands diſpos'd with ſuch a becoming freedom, that Life it ſelf could not have appear'd leſs ſtiff, or the whole Frame more Regular; the Eyes being fix'd with that Tenderneſs, which I apprehend as a great difficulty, that the moſt experienc'd of our Charming Ladies could not in an hours practice at her Glaſs, have look'd more ſoft and languiſhing. Whilſt we were thus viewing of the Temple of *Diana*, for under that Title they had diſtinguiſh'd their Show, up comes a Country Carter in his Bootes, Arm'd with his weapon of Correction, by which he Governs and Chaſtizes his five four-leg'd Subjects, belonging, as I ſuppoſe, to ſome Hay-Cart in the Market; as ſoon as the *Hobbadyboody* was brought to the door of the Room where the Figures were ſeated, he peepes in, and ſeeing, as he thought, ſuch a Number of Great Perſons, ſteps back and doffs his Hat, *Adsbleed*, ſays he, *I waant gooe in amang zo many vine Vouk, not I; what doſt ſend mau up to be made a game on? Pray gim mau my Money agan, vor I dount come here to be laugh'd at.* The Miſtreſs of the Show, with all the Arguments ſhe could uſe, had much ado to prevail upon the Fellow to go in; telling him wherein he was deceived; and that thoſe fine People, as he thought 'em, were only Waxwork which was the ſight that he was to ſee. That at laſt *Bumpkin* took Courage, and ventur'd into the Show-Room, but could not forbear making his Countrey Honours to the Babies, till he was ready to claw the Boards up with his Hobnails. When he had look'd round him, and pretty well feaſted his Eyes, he turns about to the Girl that ſhows 'em, ſays he, *They are all Woundy Silent. I pray you, Forzooth, can they Speak?* At which the Young Damſel fell a Laughing, ſaying, *You muſt Speak to 'em firſt, and then perhaps they'll Anſwer you.* With that the Loobily Ignoramus did as he was bid, crying to one of the Figures, *How d'ye Forzooth? You in the Black-whood, Evaith I'll give ye a Pwot en you'n Spake to me.* At which the whole Company burſt into a Laughter, which made the Fellow ſo angry, that in a paſſion he thus expreſt himſelf. *Adsheartlywounds, why what dye make a Gam at a body vor? A Plague Bran ye for a Pack of Zimpletons. Why I zee zome litte Vouk but O'er the Waiy, no higher than a Flaggon, I beleeve they are the Zons and Daughters of theſe Gentlevouk here, and they coud Tauk as well as I can* A Notable pert Gentlewoman ſtanding by him, ſays ſhe, *Well Countrey man, what would*

you

you think of that Lady you ſpoke to, for a Bedfellow? Ads my Loif, ſays he, *for all ſhe looks ſo woundy gainly now ſhe's dreſt, whon ſhe comes to pluck off her Paint and her Patches, and doff her vine Clouthes to come to Bed, ſhe perhaps may look as Ugly as you do, vorſooth.* Which Clowniſh Repartee ſo daſh'd the Lady out of Countenance, That her Bluſhes ſhew'd ſhe had a modeſt Senſe of her own Failings and Imperfections

Having ſatisfied our Curioſities with Arts niceſt imitation of Human Nature, we return'd again into the Multitude, conſidering what next Folly we could commit, that would yield us any tollerable Diverſion. To ſee more *Drolls* we thought would be as ridiculous, as 'tis for a couple of Sots to Stagger from Tavern to Tavern all day long, where the Entertainment is ſtill the ſame, diſtinguiſhable by no difference but the *Name* and the *Sign*; ſo that we were quite tired with that ſort of Fooling. And upon further conſideration of the matter in debate, we, at laſt agreed to ſpend an hour in a Muſick-Booth. In purſuance of our deſign, we preſs'd thro the Crow'd, till we croſs'd the Fair to the Norweſtſide; where *Muſick-Houſes* ſtood as thick one by another, as *Bawdy-houſes* in *Chick-lane*; and at every door two or three hanging look'd *Scaramouches*, who, rather than to encourage People to *walk in*, were, as I imagin'd a means rather to afright 'em from entering, for fear of having their Throats Cut, or their Pockets pick'd by ſuch an Ill-favour'd Gang of Raskally Rapskallions. But, however, hoping to fare as well as the reſt of our Neighbours, we ventur'd into one of their Diabolical Academies, where we ſuppoſed all ſorts of Wickedneſs were practic'd, for the good Inſtruction of unwary Youth, who are too apt to imbibe the poiſonous Draughts that flow from theſe pernicious Fountains, to which we often owe the ſorrowes of our Riper years; and never clear our foul Stomachs from thoſe bitter belches which the venom they have once ſuck'd from theſe unwholſome Springs will ever leave behind it.

At our firſt Entrance, the Dancing in ſuch ſeveral diſguiſes, made it appear to me like a Rendeſvouz of Gipſies upon the Election of a New King, or like ſo many ſtrolling Beggars making Merry in a Barn. As ſoon as ever the Curtain was put by, and we approach'd the Bar, a crack'd Bell was Rung by a Weather-beaten Strumpet, dreſs'd up in White, as if ſhe had been going to Beg ſome Rogue of a Gallant from the Gallows. No ſooner had the untunable Alarm reach'd the Ears of the diſpers'd Attendants, but a Frizzle-pated Suck-foſſet with a Head bloated with much Tipling, as round as a Foot-ball, and an Indico Muckender hanging down to his Toes, according to the Mode of a *City-Beau-Drawer*, follow'd by half a dozen of his Dancing Scarecrowes, ſome in Maſques as Ugly as the Faces of thoſe who were without, all bidding us *Welcome* in ſuch hoarſe Flux'd Voices, that their Speech ſounded more like the Croaking of Ravens, or grówling of the fourth ſtring of a Crack'd Baſe, than like the Organs of Humane Utterance. Who ſeeing us look a degree above Common Cuſtomers, I ſuppoſe they were in hopes we would prove the greater Bubbles; and as a means to Encourage us to the greater Extravagancy, they Conducted us to the further End of their Fools-Paradiſe, and plac'd us upon the Hoiſtings (amongſt *Cracks*, *Rakes* and *Bullies*, of the better Quality) which ſeparate Apartment was exempt from the diſhonour

of

of inferiour Liquors, and nothing ſuffer'd to diſgrace your Table beneath a half Crown *Whore*, or a half Crown *Flask*.

As ſoon as our Wine came,and we had fill'd out a Glaſs,the Kettle-drums and Trumpets began to expreſs their willingneſs to oblige us; which was perform'd with that harmonious excellence, that no *Sowgelder* with his *Horn*, and *Cooper* with his *Adds* and *Driver*, could have gratified our Ears, with more delightful Muſick. This was ſucceeded by a Conſort of Fiddlers, with whoſe Melodious Diddle-Diddle I was ſo affected, that it made my Teeth Dance in my Mouth like a fit of a Quartan Ague. The next piece of Harmony that laid Siege to our Ears, was a moſt admirable New Ballad, Sung in two Parts by ſeven Voices. I call'd the *Drawer*, and bid him ask them if they were not Singing the *Cat-Catch*, who brought me word *No*; and that it was a very fine Play-houſe Song, ſet by the beſt Compoſer in *England*. Why then, ſaid I, pray tell your Songſters, they deſerve to be whip'd at the Carts-Arſe for attempting to Sing it; and that I had rather hear a Boy beat *Round-Headed Cuckolds Come Dig*, upon his Snappers, or an old Barber Ring *Whittingtons* Bells upon a Cittern, than hear all the Muſick they could make. Which Meſſage, I ſuppoſe, the Fellow was afraid to tell 'em, leſt they ſhould Crack his Crown with the Baſe-Fiddle-Stick.

That we might have a Taſte of all their Varieties, the next Inſtruments they betook themſelves to, were the Haut-boys, which are undoubtedly the beſt Wind-Pipes in the World, Ill plaid upon, to Scare a Man out of his Wits; and I dare Swear would raiſe the Devil, the Father of all Diſcord, much ſooner than ever Fryar *Bacon*, or *Cornelius Agrippa*, could with their Diabolical Invocations. For my part, I declare their diſproportion'd Notes, and Imperfect Cadencies, had ſuch an effect upon my Ears, that I thought their Noiſe would have burſt my Head in as many pieces as Gunpowder does a Granado Shell, and put my whole Microcoſm into ſuch a diſorderly Trembling, that had they Tooted a little longer, I believe I ſhould have been all diſ-jointed: for ſuch Muſick is enough to make any Mans Bones dance out of their Sockets; and put his whole body under a painful diſlocation.

The harſhneſs of their Notes, having like a Ring of Bells, or a Peal of Cannon, Box'd our Ears into a Deafneſs, they now began to treat our Eyes with as taking an Entertainment; and preſented us with a Dance in imitation of a Foot-pads Robbery; and he that Acted the Thief, I proteſt did it ſo much like a Rogue, that had he not often commited the ſame thing in Earneſt, I am very apt to believe he could never have made ſuch a *Jeſt* on't; Firing the Piſtol, Striping his Victim, and Searching his Pockets, with ſo much Natural humour, ſeeming Satisfaction, and Dexterity, that he ſhow'd himſelf an abſolute Maſter of what he pretended to. And I cannot forbear having ſo little Charity as to fancy, that his laſt Caper will be ſo far off the Ground, that he will quite loſe his Breath before he comes down again,

The next that preſented her ſelf to our View was a Bouncing Beldam, who had as much Fleſh on her Bones as a *Lincoln-ſhire Heifer*; that her Hips, without the help of *Fardingales*, look'd as round as the Stern

of

of a *Dutch-Fly-Boat*; and her Buttocks trembled when ſhe Stirr'd, like a *Quaking-Pudding*: And had ſhe not been Lac'd up to the beſt advantage, her Skin would have hung down in Folds like the Hide of the *Rhinoceros*. The admirable Quali fications of this Lady, were to Dance with Glaſſes full of Liquor upon the Backs of her Hands, to which ſhe gave Variety of Motions, without Spilling, expreſſing in her Exerciſe as much Prodigality, as if Riches, Fame and Honour, had been the Rewards of her Foolery, putting her Greaſie Corps into a great Sweat, and Slav'd as much at her paultery Performances, as a fat Porter at *Nine-Pins*, in the *Eaſter-Holidays*, or a Brawny Milk-woman on a *May-day*, till at laſt having quite loſt her Strength by an expence of Spirits, ſhe was forced to conlude her Awkward Steps, and *Elephant* Capers, reſting her unweildy Carcaſs on the neareſt Bench, where ſhe Panted like a Race Horſe, that had won the Plate, or a Bear-dog after a Let-go, the Mob declaring their Approbation and Applauſe, by claping their Hands, and knocking their Heels, expreſſing thereby their own Satisfaction; as well as their Aprobation of the wabbling Squab, with whoſe Unpoliſhed Saltation they were ſo highly Delighted.

The next Figure that appear'd, was a Youthful Damſel, who to render her more Charming, was dreſs'd up in her Holland Smock, and Fring'd Petticoat, like a Rope-dancer; having diſarm'd moſt of the Swords Men in the Room, ſhe Steps into the Center of the Booth and there began to handle 'em as dextrouſly as a *Welch Sheppardeſs* does her Knitting Needles, putting her ſelf into a Circular Dance, wherein ſhe turn'd as Merrily Round as the Flyer of a Jack, or as Nimbly as a Gig under the Scourge of a School-Boy; ſhifting her Swords, to all parts of her Face and Breaſt, to the very great amazement of Countrey Fools, and the very little danger of her own Carcaſe; when by her unalterable Circumflection, ſhe had ſupply'd the defects and weakneſs of the Liquor, and made moſt of the Company Drunk and Giddy, with obſerving the Nimbleneſs of her Tail, which according to the *Knife-Grinders* Song, ran *Round, and aroun̂, and around-a*, ſhe gave a ſtamp with her Foot, like a Doe-Rabbit after bucking, which ſerv'd as a Period to her Dance, which according to Cuſtom, was rewarded with a Clap, being the true *Theatre* and *Muſick-Houſe* method of expreſſing Thanks or Approbations, which makes the Ladies belonging to both Places very apt to reward the Love of their Gallants after the like manner.

This was ſucceeded by abundance of Inſipid Stuff, ſo very ſorrily deſign'd, and ſo wretchedly perform'd, that inſtead of either Laughter or Delight, it begot in me nothing but Bluſhes, and Contempt, that I thought it an abuſe to Humane Shape, for any thing that bore the Proportion of either Sex, to behave themſelves ſo Oſtentatiouſly Fooliſh, ſo Odiouſly Impudent, ſo Intollerably Dull, and Void of all Humour, Order or Deſign, that there is more Diverſion in the Accidental Geſtures of one Ape, than in all the Study'd Performances of the whole Company of pretending Vagabonds; we therefore think it not worth while to Trouble the Reader with any further Particulars, of their ridiculous poor Pedantick Fooleries, but leave 'em to a further Shameful Expoſing of their own Ignorance, and give him a Rough Draught

of the Company, who cheifly frequent theſe Scandalous Nurſeries of all Vice, Vanity, and Villany.

Some Companies were ſo very odly mix'd, that there was no manner of Coherence in the Figure of any one Perſon and another: One perhaps ſhould appear in a Lac'd Hat, Red Stockins, Puff Wig, and the like, as Prim as if going to the Dancing-School. The next a *Butcher*, with his Blew Sleeves, and Woollen Apron, as if juſt come from the Slaughter-houſe. A third, a Fellow in a *Yorkſhire* Cloth-Coat, with a Leg laid over his Oaken Cudgel, the Head of which being a Knob of the ſame Stuff, as Serviceable as a Proteſtant Flail, and big as a *Hackney* Turnep. Another in a Soldiers Habit,and look'd as Peery as if he thought every freſh Man that came in, a Conſtable; theſe mix'd with Women of as different appearances: One, in a Straw-Hat and Blew Apron, with Impudence enough in her Face, to daſh a Begging Clergyman out of Countenance; and he that can Publickly ask an Alms in a Parſons Gown, if he has Title to wear it, one would reaſonably think has Impudence enough to Face any Body. Another, Dreſs'd up in Hood, Scarf, and Top-knot, with her Cloaths hung on according to the *Drury-Lane* Mode, as if ſhe could ſhake 'em off and leap into Bed, in the Twinkling of a Bed-ſtaff. A third, in a white Sarſnet Hood, and a Poſie at her Boſome, as if ſhe was come from the Funeral of ſome good Neighbour, that Dy'd in Child-bed; and amongſt the reſt, a Girl of about a Dozen Years of Age, whom I ſuppoſe, they were early draging up in the wicked Ways of Shame and Miſery, that her Riper Years might in no meaſure give her a Senſe of her Unhappineſs, and by Checking her in her Lewd Practices, render her but a daſtard Sinner. Theſe were at one Table, and of one Society; and tho' ſeverally and Singularly dreſt,yet I could do no other then Conjecture from their Carriage and Phyſiognomy, that they were under one and the ſame Influence; and that their unlucky Stars had infus'd the like Evil Genius into every Perſon among 'em; for the Women Look'd like Jilts, the Men Swore like Pick-pockets, and both were as Drunk as Swine, and as Merry as Beggars.

Juſt beneath us,on the ſide of the Hoiſtings,ſat a Couple of Madams over a Stone Bottle of Ale, who by their want of Stays, the Airineſs of their Dreſs, the Improvement of their Complexion by Paint, and the multitude of Patches, to add a gentle Air to their Servile Countenances, we could gueſs to be no other than Ladies of that wretched Quality, whoſe *Pride*, *Poverty*, *Leachery*, and *Lazineſs*, had reduc'd them under a Neceſſity of expoſing themſelves to Sale at a ſmall Purchaſe, for in came a Fellow, that I have heard Cry Bruſhes, and *Mouſe-Traps* about Town, and a Smith along with him, that I have ſeen hawk about *Iron Candelſticks*, and being almoſt Drunk, their Brains ran on Coney-Catching, and they muſt needs, after two or three awkward Scrapes and Compliments, beg the Ladies good Company to drink a Bottle of *Cyder*, which the willing Damſels, without any manner of Scruple, very readily comply'd with, ſo they all remov'd to another Table, which they thought was more Commodious for their Entertainment, where the old Coxcombs Court to their Ladies, was ſo ſingular and Comical, that it made the whole Company Obſervators of their Ridiculous Behaviour, who at laſt diſcovering by the Peoples Tittering, they were become a Publick Jeſt, agreed with their Miſtreſſes,

as

as I ſuppoſe, to remove to ſome more Private Place convenient, for the finiſhing their Intrigue; but as they were Leading their Condeſcending Madams out of the Booth, with abundance of formal Ceremony, the Gallants, notwithſtanding their Holiday Cloaths, being known to ſome of the Gueſts, were accoſted as they made their *Exit*, with, *Will you buy a Mouſe-Trap, or a Rat-Trap? Will you buy a Cloths Bruſh, a Hat Bruſh, or a Comb Bruſh?* That they ſneak'd off with their Doxies, as much aſham'd as a Perjur'd *Evidence* out of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or a *Puritan* out of a *Bawdy-Houſe*.

At another Table ſat a parcel of Rural Sots, who with the Groſs Spirits of common Belch, were elevated to ſuch a Pitch of Merriment, that they began to Talk Bawdy, like old Women at a Goſſiping, and Swear Ads-heartliwounds, as faſt as a Gameſter Curſes the Dice, when he meets with Ill Fortune, and ſhow'd as many ungainly Poſtures over their Liquor, as a parcel of Swine made Drunk with *Hog-Waſh*. Theſe, to make their Ale run down more chearful, had got with them a Female Fidler, who had charg'd her Tun-belly'd Carcaſe, like the reſt, with more Guzzle, than her Legs were able to carry, and behav'd herſelf in Sight of the whole Company, with ſuch Unaparallel'd Impudence in Singing Bawdy Songs with a Hickuping Voice, which ſhe endeavour'd to improve with intollerable Scrapes upon her Crack'd Inſtrument, that I was afraid her Nauſeous Behaviour, together with her Odious Diſcord, would have rais'd in me ſuch an Averſion to both Women and Muſick, that I ſhould never hereafter, agree with the common Opinion, and eſteem 'em as the Choiceſt of Bleſſings on this Side Heaven.

Then in came a couple of Seamen, in their Canvas Jackets, juſt ſtep'd from on Board, to give themſelves a Taſte of the Fairs reliſhable Delights, expreſſing in their Looks ſuch wonderful Satisfaction, that a *Bayliff*, at a Prize, or a *Butcher* at a *Bull-baiting*, could not have ſhowd more ſigns of Gladneſs; at laſt one of them Order'd the Muſick to Play an old *Wapping* Jig; and plucking out of his Pocket a clean white Handkerchief, which, I ſuppoſe, he borrow'd of his *Land-Lady* on purpoſe to Dance with, being no more able to Cut a Caper without that in his Hand, than a Fellow is able to Dance the *Morris* without his *Bells*, or a Beau Court a *Lady* without his *Snuſh-box* in his Hand; thus equip'd for the buſineſs, he ſteps into the middle of the Booth, and after he had made his Honours with as much Grace, as a Cow might make a Court'ſie, he begins to Caper and Firk-it round the Room, entertaining us with ſo many Antick Steps, *Merry Andrews Poſtures*, and *Country Cuts* and *Shuffles* with his Feet, that no *Jack-Adams*, at *Clerkenwell*-Feaſt, or a Drunken *Ploughman* upon my Ladies Birth Day, could have been more Diverting; his Comrade crying out every now and then, *Gad ha Mercy* Robin! *Now* Kate *of* Dover's *ſtep! Chear up my Lad! Ah bravely done Boy! Now for a Sea-Pye, and a Can of Phlip!* Thus he Jigg'd it about, with his greaſie Hat in one Hand, and his Muckender in t'other, till he was out of Breath, like a *Thraſher* at a Wake when he Dances for a Favour; where he that Dances Longeſt is always allow'd to Dance Beſt. Having thus put a Period to his Wild Boree, his Companion met him with a Quartern of Brandy, and after he had Clap'd him on the Side for Encouragement, as a *Butcher* does his *Bull-dog*, inſtead of ſpitting in his Mouth, he refreſh'd him with a

Cogue,

Cogue, and made him fit for t'other Let-go; who ſiting down with his Arms on Kimboe, ſeem'd as Proud of what he'd done, as an *Admiral* that had beaten the French Fleet, or a *Mountebank* that had drawn a Tooth with a Touch, before a Multitude of Spectators.

What further lay within our Obſervation, were the ſundry ſorts of Women who ſat ready upon ſmall purchaſe to gratifie the Luſt of every Drunken Libertine; ſome very well dreſt, and in Masks; who notwithſtanding their appearance, were as ready at your beck as a Porter Plying at a Streets Corner; Others bare-Fac'd, and in mean Garbs, whoſe Poverty ſeem'd equal with their Impudence, and that, ſo fulſome and Prepoſterous, that they are as great Antidotes to expel the Poiſon, of Luſt, as the Modeſt Counterfeit Behaviour of a Cunning pretty Harlot, is a means to enforce deſire, and beget a liking. A third, ſort of Scoundrel *Strumpets* in *Blew-Aprons* and *Straw-Hats*, who by taking much *Mercury*, or the Loud bawling of *Oyſters* about the Streets, were as Hoarſe as a *Jackpudding* at the latter End of the Fair; theſe were Good Subjects to the Government, and Contribute more towards the Maintainance of his Majeſties Foot Guards, than any People in the Nation, for every one has a Souldier or two at her Tail, of whom ſhe takes as much Care, as a Bitch does of her Puppies.

Having here taken Notice, of moſt of the Particulars that lay within our View, by paying our Reckoning, we purchas'd our Redemption from this Epitomy of *Hell*; and being now almoſt Dark, we took a Turn round the outſide of the Fair, on the Back-ſide of the Booths, where we found ſeveral Emblems of the Worlds Giddineſs: Children Lock'd up in Flying Pews, who Inſenſibly climb'd upwards like Immetorious State-Tools, who knew not whither they were going, but being once Elevated to a certain height, came down according to the Circular Motion of the Sphere they mov'd in; and being forc'd to decline from their Meridan Altitude, were reduc'd to the low Station from whence they firſt took their Riſe; reflecting on their paſt Pleaſure, with a bundance of diſſatisfaction, Envying thoſe who are got in their Room, and heartily bemoan'd their want of Money, or Favour, which remov'd them from their Poſt.

Theſe Whirligigs, ſays my Friend, may be very properly apply'd to the Common Fate of Great Men: For when a Man is once riſiing, it is not very difficult for him to riſe to the Top, but 'tis Impoſſible for him, as you may ſee by theſe, to continue long at the ſame Pitch; for the Intereſt of him that Governs the Wheel, and the Politick Motion of Affairs for Publick Safety, require ſome to be Riſing, and others Falling: For this World is but Fortunes Well, and Mankind are the Buckets thereof, and it muſt of Neceſſity ever be ſo, that the Winding Up of one, will be the Letting Down of another.

From thence we mov'd in the Stream, and paſs'd by a couple of *Poppet-ſhows*, where *Monkeys* in the Ballconies, were Imitating Men, and Men making themſelves *Monkeys*, to engage ſome of the weaker part of the Multitude, as Women and Children, to ſtep in and pleaſe themſelves with the wonderful Agility of their Wooden Performers; theſe we

we paſs'd by with as much Contempt as a Hungry *Taylor* at *Eaſter*, does a *Fleet-ditch* Furmity Woman, or a Prodigal Debauchee an old Miſtreſs. We ſqueez'd on amongſt the reſt, till we came again to the *Hoſpital-Gate*, which we enter'd with as little Eaſe as a Good Chriſtian, Impatient of his Dinner, gets out of the Church, when Sermon is Ended; till at laſt we came into the *Cloiſters*, where we met ſuch a parcel of Eagle-Ey'd Sparks, and heard ſuch a Whiſpering and Humming of *G--d D--mes*, *She's a* Bitch, *and t'others a* Whore; *And that's a fine* Woman, *t'others a pretty* Creature; That I thought the People were all Mad, and that this Place was a *Bedlam* for Lovers. A Gentleman with a Red-face, who my Friend told me, was fam'd at all Gaming Ordinaries, for a wonderful Similizer, ſteps up to a very pert Lady, who I ſuppoſe, was not for his Turn, and claps his bare Hand in her Neck: *Dear Madam*, ſays he, *You are as Cold as a Cricket in an Icehouſe*: She turning ſhort about, look'd upon him, and reply'd, *If you Pleaſe to clap your Fiery Face to my Backſide, 'twill be the ready way to warm me*: At which ſmart Return, all that heard it fell a Laughing: The Gentleman thinking it a little Inconſiſtent with his Honour, to be thus Put Upon, had a great mind to redeem his Credit, by adding, *Indeed Madam, I find Your Tongue's much Nimbler than the reſt of your Members, for your Body moves like a Loaded Waggon up a Hill*: *Dear Sir*, ſays ſhe, *You Look ſo like an Honeſt Gentleman, that I am bound in Gratitude, to return you at leaſt an Empty Cart, for your Loaded Waggon; and as for the Hill, Pray Sir, let it be* Holbourn, *and I don't Queſtion but your Good Life, in time may direct you to the Uſe and Application, of both*; *ſo Sir, your Humble Servant.* And away ſhe ſtep'd into a Raffling Shop, where ſome Civil Gentlemen follow'd her, and to reward her Wit, Loaded her and her She-Friend, that was with her, with Nick-nacks, and Guarded her into a Coach from the Inſolence of the Town Cormorants, who had a wonderful mind to be Snaping at ſo fair a Bait.

This Rendeſvouz of *Jilts*, *Whores*, and *Sharpers*, began now to be very full, inſomuch, that the Sowr Breaths of Corrupt Carcaſes, and the *Turpentine* Belches that were ever and anon thrown into our Noſtrils in the Crowd, were ſo offenſive, that the Pumping of a *Derby-Ale* Cellar, or the removal of an old *Cloſe-ſtool-pan*, could not have ſurpris'd our Senſe with a more intollerable Noſegie. This we were forc'd to endure, or quit the Place, which we were unwilling to do, till we had made a more Nice Inſpection into the Pomps and Vanities of this Wicked World. To further diſcover which, we went into one of the Shops, which we ſaw moſt Crowded, and as Poor Spectators, with willing Hearts and low Pockets, we ſtood in the Rear, and like Boretto Pentioners at the *Groom-Porters*, peep'd over the Shoulders of thoſe that raffled, among whom, I obſerv'd, this Ridiculous Vanity, that whatſoever the Gentlemen won, they preſented to the Fair Lady that ſtood next, tho as great Strangers one to another, as Doctor *B--gs*, and the *Whore* of *Babylon*. You are Inſenſible, ſays my Friend, of the Cunning that is us'd by *Sharpers*, to make this kind of Diverſion turn to a good Account; that pretty ſort of Woman, who receives ſo many Preſents, to my Knowledge is Miſtreſs to him who is now handling the Box, who has no other Buſineſs, but to improve ſuch a lucky Minute to his Maintainance, and he ſeems you ſee, to be an utter Stranger to that Lady he's ſo kind to, and only makes her Miſtreſs of his Winnings, purely to draw the other Gentlemen on to do the like, that what Preſents they fooliſhly beſtow on her, to Night, may ſerve to furniſh his Pockets for the Hazard-Table, on the next Morrow.

Being tired with this Paſtime, we adjourn'd from thence, and crept up a Pair of Stairs as narrow and as ſteep, as the Stone Steps of a *Bell-frey*, over which was Written in Golden Capitals in two or three Places, *The Groom Porters*; deſign'd, as I ſuppoſe, for Fools to Underſtand it was the Honeſter Place, for his Name being there, and that they might as fairly fling away their Money at his Table, as in any Place in Chriſtendom: When with the danger of our Necks, we had climb'd to the Top, we ſtep'd into a little Room on the Left Hand, where *Lawyers Clerks*, and Gentlemens *Footmen*, were mix'd *Higgle-de-piggle-de*, like Knaves and Fools at an *Eaſt-India-houſe* Auction, and were Wrangling over their Six-pences with as much Eagerneſs, as ſo many *Mumpers* at a Church-door on a *Sacrament Day*, about the True Diviſion of a Good Chriſtians Charity. Being quickly ſurfeited with the Boyiſh Behaviour of theſe Callow *Rakes*, we mov'd from thence into the next Rooms, where a parcel of old Batter'd *Bullies*, ſome with Carbonadoed Faces, and others with Pimpgennet Noſes, were ſeated as cloſe round a Great Table as Country *Attorneys* in a Stage Coach, at the Concluſion of a Term; amongſt 'em, here and there a declining Tradeſman, who, I ſuppoſe, was ready to ſtart into ſome Foreign Plantation, and came hither, to acquire the Qualifications of a *Libertine*, that their Portion in this World may be a Merry Life, and a ſhort: Curſes amongſt theſe were as profuſely ſcatter'd as Lyes among Travellers, and as many Eyes lifted towards the Heavens in Confuſion to their Stars, as there are in a Storm to Implore Safety: Money was toſs'd about as if a uſeleſs Commodity, and ſeveral parts of the Story of the *Prodigal Son*, were here acted to a miracle. When Four had the Good Fortune to come before Seven, or Ten before Eight, the Breeches of the Loſers, were ſo Nettled they were unable to keep their Seats, and could no more keep the Ends of their Fingers out of their Mouths, than a Porter when he plucks off his Hat, can forbear Scratching of his Head. The Dice had far more Influence upon 'em than the Planets, for every Man Chang'd Countenance according to the Fortune of the Caſt; and ſome of them I am ſure ſhew, all the Paſſions in half an Hour, Incident to Humane Nature.

He that made the moſt obſervable Figure amongſt 'em, was a *Butcher* in his white Frock, with a Head as large as a *Sarazens*, and Cheeks as plump as a *Sowgelder's* when he Proclaims his Profeſſion by his Semi-circular Trumpet; his Beard tho' in Carnival time, was as long as a *Hackney* Writers in the middle of a Long Vacation, and look'd as Frowzy and Irregular as the Gyants Whiskers in *Guild-Hall*, who ſeems ſo terrible to Young Apprentices. The Hair of his Head being as Greaſie as the Fur of a Cooks Cap that wears one, and Shined with the *Pomatum* of *Beef* and *Mutton*, like a Satten Cap upon the Noddle of an *Independant* Teacher. I could not but take Notice, when ever he made his Stake, he cry'd, *Go again*, when he clap'd down his Money on the Board; which ſerv'd me to Underſtand he was a true *Hockly I'th' Hole* Sports-man, it being the ſame expreſſion they uſe to their Dogs, after the firſt Let-go. I obſerv'd he was attended with great Lucks enough to make us believe according to the Burleſque of *Ovid's* Saying, That Fortune favours Fat Folks, or that her Mope-Ey'd Ladyſhip, like a true *Sow*, was a great Lover of Blood, Filth and Naſtineſs: When ever he handled the Dice, he had ſo Lucky a Devile in the Box, or at his Elbow, that he very ſeldom threw out under three or four Hands holding in, which Occaſion'd his peeviſh Antagoniſts to ſet him with ſuch Sowr Countenances, that no Lover that had loſt his Miſtreſs, or Client that had loſt his Cauſe, could have Contracted his Face into a more fretful Poſture; length of time having made this Diverſion as dull as the reſt, we left the Loſers to recover their Loſſes, and the *Butcher* to bring his Hogs to a fair Market, returning down Stairs with as much Care and Caution of Tumbling Head foremoſt, as he that goes down *Green Arbor Court*-Steps in the middle of Winter. When we were got ſafe to the bottom, being quite tir'd with the ſundry Follies we had ſeen, and the Brain-breaking Noiſes we had

had heard, my Friend desir'd my Company into *Charter-house-Lane*, where he was Oblig'd to make a short Visit to a Patient, leaving me at an Ale-house hard by to Divert my self in his Absence with a Pipe of Tobacco, which I did accordingly, and refresh'd my self with a Pot of Excellent English Liquor, which was as Comfortable to my Pallat, after our Troublesome Survey, as a Down-Bed to the Gall'd Haunches of a weary Travellour. By that time I had light my Pipe,in comes a couple of Old Fellows, who look'd as if they were the Superanuated Servants of some Great Man, who to exempt himself from the Charge of keeping 'em, when past their Labour, and to reward the Faithful Service of their Youth, had got 'em into an Hospital; they Seated themselves down in the next Box, and Call'd for a Pot of warm'd Ale, over which, after they had Accommodated their Lanthorn Jaws with a Pipe of Tobacco, they began to bemoan some great Oppressions that were Impos'd upon 'em, by the Ruler of their Society, whom they Charg'd with these following Accusations, beginning their Complaint after this Sorrowful manner:

I Remember, says one, *Two Old Proverbs from my Youth, which, alas! I have found too True in my Age:* New Lords, New Laws; *and*, When the Old One's gone, seldome comes a Better; *and Efaith Brother, as another Old Saying says*, We have found both too true to be made a Jest on; *for our allowance formerly, if any of us were Sick and out of Commons, was Five Shillings and Eleven-pence a Week, but now our Good Master, Providence reward him for his Kindness, has reduc'd us to Four Shillings and Five pence; which, let me tell you, Brother, is a great Abatement in so small a Sum; and a very great Abuse of the Pious Design and Charitable Good Will of the Donor: We likewise, when we were Sick, had a Bushel of Coals per week, allow'd us, to warm our Old Noses, under our Infirmities; but now are stinted to just half the Quantity, thanks to our Good Master, for his Christian Love and Kindness to us.*

Sometime since, a Brother Pentioner was Sick, with a Violent Flux, from the middle of September, *to within Ten days of* Christmas, *in which time his Nurse went several times to the Master, to obtain a Grant of the Five Shillings and Eleven Pence per Week, and a whole Bushel of Coals, declaring that his short Allowance was not sufficient to Support him in his Low Condition. But notwithstanding all her reasonable Pleas and Importunate Solicitations on her Patients behalf, the Master would give no Ear to her Petitions, not taking into his Consideration the Coldness of the Weather, or Tediousness of his Sickness.*

Besides our Diet is much Abated of our Ancient Allowance, neither is the Meat so Good. And notwithstanding these great Abuses, and Retrenchments, of us the Poor Pentioners, he has procur'd his own Sallary to be advanc'd, from Fifty to Two Hundred Pounds, per Annum: *Who keeps his Coach, and lives as Great as the Governour of a Town, instead of the Master of an* Hospital; *but withal gives this Example of Frugality, that he allows but half a Crown a Week, to his Trencher-Scraper, for his* Coach-mans *Diet, for which he is Oblig'd to afford him two Meales a day; therefore Judge you what the Poor Fellow gets by his Boarder.*

Some Years since upon the Twelfth of December, *which is held as an Anniversary in Commemoration of the Founder, the Reader being Absent, upon some Extraordinary Occasions, was disappointed by one who promis'd to Officiate for him, and the Congregation was dismiss'd without Prayers. Notwithstanding the Master was in Holy Orders, and at the same time present in the Chappel.*

Indeed, reply'd the other, *'tis a sad thing we should be so serv'd; but since we can't help it, we must Content our selves, I think, with the Cold Comfort, of an Old Saying, viz.* What Can't be Cur'd, must be Endur'd; *for Complaint without the Prospect of Redress, is like a Mans Venting his Anger towards another, by Talking to himself.*

By this time, my Friend came in, to whom I Communicated what I overheard, who made light of it, as if they were such Practical Abuses, as were scarce worth Listening to; saying, You never knew any Considerable *Hospital* in your Life, but the poor Pentioners live like common Seamen in an *East-India* Vessel, whose Allowances are so short Home-wards Bound, they are but just kept alive, in a Starving Condition, whilst the Officers grow Fat at a Plentiful Table, and Pinch Estates in a little Time, by Abridging the Just Dues of their Floating Society.

Thus heartily tir'd with our Days Ramble, we paid our Reckoning, and posted Home to Bed, with as Good an Apetite to Rest, as a New Married Lover had to the Embraces of his Bride the first Night, or a Hungry Ploughman, to a Plum Pudding on a Sunday, when he had Walk'd Three Mile from Church.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THe Wonderful *Eclipſe*, which, according to the promiſes of *Aſtronomers*, was to bring the wicked World within *Ames Ace* of the Day of Judgment, tho Inviſible to us in *London*, by reaſon of a Stinking Fog that aroſe from wreaking Dunghills, Diſtillers Fats, and Piping Hot Cloſe-Stool-pans, which as the Learned ſay, could neither be rarified nor diſpers'd till the Eclipſe was over, by reaſon that the Beames of the Sun were intercepted by the Moones Body. Yet it is aſſerted by Letters from many Credible Perſons in ſeveral Countries, *Who I hope are all well, as I am at this preſent Writing, praiſed be —— for it*; That the *Eclipſe* was ſeen by many Thouſands, as plain as ever the Old Woman ſee the Needle in the Barn-door, who enquir'd (after ſhe pretended to ſee the Needle) where abouts the Barn ſtood. But, however, to Confirm our Infallible *Planet-Peepers* in their Unerring Judgments, It was ſeen upon the Road by many Travellours, eſpecially by Strolling Tinkers and their Budget-bearing Trulls, Scotch Pedlars, Gipſies, Vagabonds, and Cadators; who, if you clear but their Eyes with a Cup of humming Liquor, are able to ſee *Faries* Dance, *Spirits* Walk, *Witches* Fly, *Prodigies* in the Clouds, Blemiſhes in the Sun, and Worlds in the Moon; and ſince our *Star-gazers* on their behalf, have ſuch Good Evidence to prove the matter of fact, I think we had as good put the Conteſt out of diſpute, and agree with what they ſay, whoſe Buſineſs it is to know moſt of the matter. But as a further proof of the *Eclipſe*, which, is ſtill ridicul'd amongſt ſome obſtinate unbelievers, Theſe following perſons do ſay, or think, they ſee it as plain in the Town, as ever 'twas ſeen in the Countrey.

A *Vintner* behind the *Change*, being very deſirous of making a clear diſcovery of this dangerous Interpoſition, got a piece of Clay, and beſtow'd an hours time in ſtopping up the bottom of his Cullendar, all but the Middle Hole, thro' which he peepes from Nine till Eleven, and does think he ſee the *Moon* or a *Cloud* between the *Sun* and the *Cullender*, but cannot be poſitive which; and therefore his Evidence is of little Validity.

An *Upholſterer* in *Cornhill*, being Curious alſo of being as Wiſe as the reſt of his Neighbours, carries a Looking-glaſs out of his Shop into *Stocks-Market*, and after he had Earneſtly look'd for about half an hour, and had juſt obtain'd a ſmall Glimpſe of the *Eclipſe*, a Porter coming by with a Heavy Burthen. by accident ſtumbled, and put the Corner of his Bundle between the Upholſterer's Neck and Shoulders, Knocks him down, breaks the Looking Glaſs, and the Porter recovering himſelf, march'd forward with his Load; up riſes the fallen Gazer from the Ground, with nothing but the Frame and Back-Board in his hand; and ſhaking his Head at his Miſsfortune, thus expreſs'd himſelf to the people, *Alas! Alas! I fear the Terrible Effects of this* Eclipſe *will be very fatal to poor* England; *for if juſt a Glimpſe of it ſhall bring a Man to this diſaſter, may Providence defend the whole Kingdom from its Malicious Influence.*

Happening to be in Company with a very famous *Aſtrologer*, I was willing to enquire a little into what Effects he thought this *Eclipſe*, that had made ſuch a buſſle, would have upon that part of the World to which twas viſible, more eſpecially *England. Why*, ſays he, *becauſe you ask me the Queſtion Modeſtly, I'll Tell you, Maſter, I do underſtand from the Authenick Cenſures of* Albumazer *and* Ptolemy, concerning the Circumvolution of Celeſtial Bodies, which procure perpetual mutability in this Lower Reign, that this great *Eclipſe* being at the new of the Moon, when ſhe firſt puts on her Horns, does infallibly predict as many Cuckolds to be at *Horn-Fair* this year, as have been ſeen there this ſeven years. Many Litigious Law-Lovers this year will Sell their Coats to contend for the value of a Button; and the Lawyers prate the Fools into compliance by bringing them to poverty. The Poor will die this year faſter than the Rich, becauſe there is a Hundred of the one, to one of the other. The Fingers of Envy will pick out the Eyes of many a Mans Reputation, and the Affections of Women will be as eaſily gain'd and as hardly preſerv'd as ever. To be plain, I believe we ſhall have much ſuch another World on't, as we had laſt year, and ſo, I ſuppoſe we ſhall not differ in opinion.

FINIS.